

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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CHARLEMAGNE.

IN THE year 742 there was born in Europe, probably at Aix-la-Chapelle, a person whose rule was destined to be of great service to the times in which and the people among whom he lived. This individual was Charles the Great, or Charlemagne as he is more generally known. He was the son of Pepin

Germany, but under his wars the boundaries were extended until his dominions nearly filled Europe.

Of this emperor it is said, "he was one of the greatest and wisest men in the history of the world. He encouraged learning, and opened a school in his palace; he maintained morality and aimed to spread Christianity throughout the world."



CHARLEMAGNE AT THE HEAD OF HIS ARMY.

the Short, and grandson of that renowned warrior, Charles Martel. On the death of Pepin, Charlemagne and his brother Carloman jointly ascended the throne, but the latter dying and his sons being excluded from the rulership, Charlemagne became sole king.

At first his empire embraced only the larger part of what is now known as France and

The frontiers of Charlemagne's kingdom were continually threatened by the Saxons—heathens, who honored the great idol called the Irmansaul. It was therefore resolved in 772 at the Diet at Worms that war should be made against these restless people. The emperor immediately placed himself at the head of his army and marched against them.

He invaded their country, destroyed their idol, and after many severe encounters succeeded in reducing the people to submission. As was the custom in those unenlightened times the conqueror compelled the defeated to acknowledge Christianity and receive baptism. It is said that he administered this rite to many of the prisoners of war with his own hand. Saxony he divided into eight bishoprics and supported the presiding officers with guards of soldiers.

Pope Adrian I., having become involved in trouble with Desiderius, king of the Lombards, now appealed for aid to Charlemagne,

in Spain he was invited to interfere, and in 778 he entered that country and added new territory to his crown. An uprising of the Saxons was speedily suppressed, and a solemn warning was given to all subjects against rebellion by the execution in one day no less than 4500 prisoners. The Bulgarians and Huns were also brought into subjection, and in every undertaking victory seemed to follow in the footsteps of this giant ruler.

On Christmas day, in the year 800, he entered St. Peter's church in Rome to do honor to the Pope. As he stooped to kiss the steps in memory of the illustrious men who had



CHARLEMAGNE IN COUNCIL.

who had become the recognized champion of the church. The latter had married the daughter of this king, but as she bore him no children he sent her back to her father, and then he married Hildegard, daughter of Duke Godfrey of Swabia. For this act Desiderius besought the pope to reject Charlemagne as king, and crown the sons of Carloman as his successors. Refusing to do this the papal dominions were attacked and some of them laid waste. Adrian's appeal was not in vain, for Charlemagne immediately crossed the Alps, attacked and conquered the Lombards and crowned himself with the iron crown of the ancient Lombard kings.

In the wars between the Arabs and Moors

trodden them before, the Pope received him with great ceremony and the choir chanted, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." As he bowed to pray before the altar in this church, the Pope secretly placed the crown of the world upon his head, whereat the people shouted, "Long live Charles Augustus, crowned of God, Emperor of the Romans."

Fifty-three expeditions into Germany, Gaul, Italy and Greece are accredited to this ruler and it was very seldom that he met any reverses.

Though renowned as a warrior, Charlemagne is entitled to the greatest honor for the interest he exhibited in the peaceful pur-

suits of his people, by means of which they not only became strong internally but also contented. His views were liberal and were very many years in advance of the age in which he lived. He made the power of the central government felt to the extremity of his dominions, and yet he allowed his subjects many civil rights and limited the monarchical power by organizing an assembly from among his subjects to whom were submitted most matters of general concern. He required his people to plant certain kinds of fruit trees, and his domain was an example of superior cultivation. He encouraged men of learning to come to his court and often was he in council for days in succession among these learned individuals.

He died on January 28th, 814, and was buried at Aix-la-Chapelle in a church which he had built there. In 1165 his tomb was opened, and his body was found seated upon a throne crowned, the sceptre in his hand, the Bible on his knee and all the insignia of his royal position about him.

There is a beautiful legend that Charlemagne visits the Rhine yearly and blesses the vintage. He comes in a golden robe, and crosses the river on a golden bridge, and the bells of heaven chime above him as he fulfills his peaceful mission.

"By the Rhine, the emerald river,
How softly glows the night!
The vine-clad hills are lying
In the moonbeams' golden light.

"And on the hillside walketh
A kingly shadow down,
With sword and purple mantle,
And heavy golden crown.

"T is Charlemagne, the emperor,
Who, with a powerful hand,
For many a hundred years
Hath ruled in German land.

"From out his grave in Aachen,
He hath arisen there,
To bless once more his vineyards,
And breathe their fragrant air.

"By Rudesheim, on the water,
The moon doth brightly shine,
And buildeth a bridge of gold
Across the emerald Rhine.

"The emperor walketh over,
And all along the tide
Bestows his benediction
On the vineyards far and wide.

"Then turns he back to Aachen
In his grave-sleep to remain,
Till the New Year's fragrant clusters
Shall call him forth again."

Hac.

OUR PRIZE ARTICLES.

LAST year we offered, for the encouragement of literary talent in our midst, some cash prizes for Christmas stories and narratives of facts. The prizes for the former were awarded in December last and the articles have appeared in our columns. For competition in "Class A"—narratives of facts, eighteen articles were presented, and, they being of considerable length, it was impossible to have them read by the three judges and their merits considered until the present.

The awards, however, have now been made and we take pleasure in stating that the first prize (\$200.00) has been awarded to Miss Josephine Spencer of Salt Lake City, for her article entitled, "The Drama of the World's History.

The second prize (\$100.00) has been awarded to Mrs. Lula Greene Richards for her article entitled "Ebauche mais veritable."

Both of these articles are commenced in this issue of the INSTRUCTOR, and their publication will be continued in each number until completed.

Among the remaining contributions are some very excellent articles, and as one of the rules of the competition is that "all matter submitted for competition is to be the exclusive property of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR Office, whether or not it is awarded a prize," we propose to use several of these articles for the benefit of our numerous readers. We design, however, to give the authors of such pieces as we use for publication, some remuneration for their labor, though we will not, of course, be able to give as much as the amount

of either of the above prizes. By this means we hope to encourage the talent which, we fear, too often lies dormant in our community.

We hope all those of literary taste among the Saints will feel encouraged to contribute to the press and thus improve themselves, and give others the benefit of their experience and talents.

THE DRAMA OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

MY READERS, if you have ever attended a play, and have felt your hearts moved by the interest of imaginary events in the lives of human beings, you can, perhaps, realize what it would be to have the great scenes and events of the world's history enacted before you. What a drama the whole would make! What tableaux, what sublime situations, what themes of tragedy and pathos its plots unfold! Let us imagine ourselves before a vast stage, and looking upon the portrayal of the great events of the world's history. Is it not a wonderful scene on which the curtain rises?

Behold, it is creation's dawn; God is here, moving in matchless majesty and power. Darkness and chaos reign; but, lo! He speaks, and the inanimate earth is filled with life, the heavens with light. Lonely spaces of sea and air are filled with forms of fish and bird. Earth teems with myriad forms of life, and glows with varied hues of beauty. Insects so small as to be almost unseen, and Behemoth's mighty shape move in the scene and infinite harmonies of life breathe in the sheen of flower, and vine, and tree. Suddenly, a beautiful vista opens. Eden lies before us—a garden, rich with the choicest fruits of earth and aglow with blooms of rarest beauty. Birds sing from thick branches, leaves rustle softly in light breezes, and the waters of myriad brooks sing merrily as they flit by. It is a scene of surpassing beauty. Hush! let us look steadfastly now; for to the music of those low murmurs, there enter the world's great hero and heroine—Adam and Eve. We see the

great romance of love enacted on earth for the first time. It is the scene that the great Milton saw and embodied in his grand poem.

How perfect life is in this first dawn of time, free from the brooding sense of sorrow and sin. Blessed beings are they whose lot is simply to enjoy this scene of peace and happiness. Bird and beast obey them and the earth yields to their dominion. Only one command keeps them from complete freedom of will. This command has been given in regard to a wonderful tree that grows in the garden, and upon which grows the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. God has spoken and said, "Of the fruit of this tree thou shalt not eat." For a time He is obeyed, and all is peace in accordance with His will.

At length comes the terrible scene of temptation. Satan, from the far-off depths to which he has been hurled, approaches Paradise, and, seeing the pair whom God had blessed dwelling in sinlessness on earth, prepares a plan for their destruction. Eve is left alone in the garden, and Satan, disguising himself as a serpent, approaches her and arouses her interest by telling a wonderful story of a tree which grows in the garden, and of whose fruit she must eat in order to become possessed of the knowledge of good and evil. Eve listens, but realizes that this is the tree of whose fruit God has forbidden her. She repeats the story of the Creator's command; but the serpent beguiles her with promises of great power, saying, "If thou wilt but eat of the fruit of knowledge thou shalt be as the Gods, knowing good and evil." Eve hesitates, and Satan, seizing the advantage, leads her to the tree upon which grows the forbidden fruit. Do you realize what a supreme moment? While Eve hesitates the fate of unborn millions trembles in the balance. Can it be that she will lightly set aside the divine will of the Almighty? Yes—see! again the serpent urges her and—she yields! Then Adam, too, partakes of the fruit. Satan has triumphed. What a fearful spell seems to gather! Sin is upon the earth, and the whole world darkens. Then the voice of the Almighty is heard in

wrath, and the guilty ones hide their heads in terror. But from His just anger there is no escape. Forth from the garden they are driven, and forevermore God's faithful angels guard with flaming swords the earthly paradise of perfect peace from sinful man.

Then commence the woes and wanderings of the unhappy couple, and their fated seed. The curse God has spoken is fulfilled. Toil and hardship, sorrow and death trouble their pilgrimage, and the lives of their children see the worst fulfilled.

The spirit of evil forever strives against the good implanted in man's nature by God at the beginning, and the full measure of Satan's designs against earth's children is displayed.

Of the first children of Eve there are two whose natures serve as the types of the opposing forces striving for mastery on earth. In Abel God finds a humble soul, submitting itself to the influence of Divine will, and, by favors and blessings bestowed upon him, evinces His love towards those of earth's children who are disposed to obey His will. But in the spirit of Cain Satan has found soil in which to plant the seed of evil, and joyfully plying his task, he awaits the destruction of the soul in which it is nurtured.

Cain, resisting the holy influence and divine warning of the Almighty, surrenders his heart a prey to evil passions. The fires of jealousy and hatred, engendered by the promptings of Satan and strengthened by the evidence of God's favor to Abel, rise to an insane pitch, and at length culminate in the shedding of his brother's blood. We look upon the scene in horror. Terrible, indeed, is the power of Satan when he can tempt the heart of man to such a crime. Alas! it is but the first spectacle of the shedding of innocent blood, and is often to be repeated. How intense and terrible is the scene which is now enacted. What a deadly fear pierces the soul of the murderer, as he hears the voice of the Almighty asking, "Where is thy brother?" and then accusing, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." If you have ever committed a wrong act of even

slight degree, and have felt the fear or shame that dreads to meet the glance of an accusing eye, you may, perhaps, realize the feelings of one branded with such guilt before the eye of the Almighty. How has Satan triumphed when the heart of a human being can be made to contemplate and his hand to fulfill another's destruction. Yet in the heart of each of us is a germ of evil which, by our neglect of God's commands, may bear fruit such as this.

After the accomplishment of this act and its great punishment, we have a brief view of the generations that live and pass away, whose existence is burdened by the curse of sin. As the children of men multiply, the divine will of the Creator is more and more forgotten, and the power of Satan for evil continually increased. The Creator is grieved for the work which He has planned, but, patient and forbearing through all, He still works for their salvation. One man in all the sinful generation finds favor in His sight, and him God commands to preach repentance to His faithless children. But sin has beguiled them, and, ensnared by the temptations of Satan, the evil race turn a deaf ear to Noah's prophecies and warnings of the woe to follow. Now, at last, God's Spirit ceases to strive against their hardness of heart, and the earth is given over to destruction.

There are signs and whisperings that move our hearts with strange foreboding. What is the meaning of this spectacle of dark clouds that gather and pass not away—these torrents of rain which pour unceasingly from the skies. Is it the foreshadowing of some great evil? Upon mankind there seems to fall no fear, no premonition of the fate in store for them. They move in the accustomed way, stupid in riotous living, their hearts given to evil imaginations, their tongues sounding with loud scoffings at the warnings of punishment. A fearful doom hung over them, but they knew it not. You and I, who anticipate what is coming, can look with dread and grief upon their unbelief and wickedness. Still the sky darkens, and the rains pour and they heed not; naught so obstinate and unseeing as the

mind darkened with evil. But the waters still fall in floods from the sky and are filling the earth. Now a great fear rises in the souls of men, and their spirits are conquered by the dread of peril. They are ready, now, to call, with pitiful cries, upon the God whom they have despised for help and succor. But it is too late. The Almighty has long waited for their repentance, and in His wisdom decrees that the evil race shall perish. Their destruction is sealed, and of the multitudes of the wicked who were spared upon the face of the earth, only a chosen handful are saved. Over the earth a vast flood rolls, and upon the whole expanse only a single object can be discovered. It is the ark, built by God's command for the preservation of Noah and his seed for the perpetuation of the human race on the earth. How anxiously we watch that tiny speck, moving alone upon the vast expanse of waters. We can almost enter into the sensations of those within its shelter. What sublime thoughts must fill their minds, as the ark moves solitarily upon that shoreless ocean! How eagerly we watch, as a hand is stretched forth from the tiny window, and the dove is sent forth upon its important quest! We can realize the hope and anxiety of the hearts of the lonely voyagers, as they await the return of the unconscious messenger—the joy and thanksgiving with which they greet the tidings heralded by the olive branch. It is but a simple emblem which it brings from its flight, and yet how eloquently it speaks to them! The great waters are receding, for somewhere the dove has found a resting place; and near at hand the blooms and fruits of earth are flourishing, after the long deluge. Joy to those lonely and long-time prisoners, for now at last the mountains are sighted, and the ark rests upon dry land! Then arises a sweet incense from the earth, born anew, and free once more from sin; a sound of thanksgiving moves the heart of God to gladness, and in the sky a rainbow is set as the sign of His promise of future mercy to man.

Josephine Spencer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EBAUCHE MAIS VERITABLE.

CHAPTER I.

*ELYDOR VERE sat upon one end of a shoe maker's bench, holding in his hand a lighted pine torch. It was evening, his work for the day was done, and he had entered the shop to rest for a few moments. By the light of the blazing pine knot, his father, John Vere, was finishing a pair of shoes. As the work progressed, a quiet conversation was going on between the father and son.

"It is towards the end of autumn, father," said Elydor, "I shall soon be fourteen now, and nothing has been decided upon with regard to my future. To be a shoemaker will not do for me, I am afraid."

"No my son;" replied Mr. Vere, "the injuries you received from that harrow tooth striking you in the stomach, and your being dragged about in the manner you were has unfitted you for any such steady sitting work as shoe making; and you cannot stand being shut up in the house, we must find some other work for you, somewhere."

"Mr. Matson, I believe, wants a boy to do chores about the house; he offers to board and send him to school this winter, and give him a suit of clothes. Had I better try to get that place?" Elydor asked.

The father reflected a few moments and then answered. "Mr. Matson is a kind man to his workmen, and I have never heard of his being immoral; although he professes no religion. Yes, Elydor, that, perhaps, is as good a chance as will be offered; you might try it."

A day or two afterwards Elydor applied for the situation at Mr. Matson's and obtained it. He regretted only that it took him twenty miles from home, where he would have to remain all winter without seeing his dear parents and brothers and sisters.

The parting between Elydor and his mother

*The leading names throughout this story are fictitious, but the characters described, and the incidents related are true.

caused a great struggle in the heart of each; for he was the eldest of her seven children, and the one in whom she took most delight.

Mrs. Vere had felt that she would rather patch and mend old clothes over and over forever than to have Elydor leave home; but he so much wanted the schooling, and as no other way opened for him to get it his mother and himself concluded it must be right for him to go. And when they knew their duty, it was their way to go forward without flinching, no matter how hard it might seem.

In the State of New York, sixty years ago, the place, and about the time in which this story opens, letter postage was so high that few people could afford to send letters very often; those who were not well-to-do in the things of this world rarely thought of communicating with their friends through the mail. And as railroading was not then introduced into the United States, no one could think of getting into a car and riding twenty miles every few days, or weeks even, to see how friends were getting along. Besides, traveling in any form, compared with the same of today, was limited and expensive.

When Elydor Vere left home, therefore, it was with the mutual understanding that for three or four months, at least, he would not be likely to see or hear from any of the family, unless something of a very serious nature should take place.

The Matsons were kind-hearted people and very well off; so Elydor found a pleasant and comfortable home with them.

The Christmas he spent there he never forgot. The privilege of studying his lessons by the kitchen fire had been granted him; and on Christmas eve, as was his wont, he placed his boots by the side of the fire-place and hung his stockings across the top of them.

In the morning he discovered that old "Santa Claus" had found his stockings as well as those of the young Matsons. Hid away in them were papers of candy and raisins, and in the toe of one was a quarter of a dollar. Elydor was the possessor of a large, warm heart, and when he met Mrs. Matson

that morning, tears of grateful recognition sparkled in his fine hazel eyes as he smilingly returned her cheery "Wish you a merry Christmas."

CHAPTER II.

"Fanny, did you know mother heard from Aunt Ruth's folks yesterday?" asked Abbie Kane of her newly married sister who had just stepped in to say good morning.

"I have not seen mother; where is she? and how are Aunt's folks, did she learn?" Fanny inquired.

"Mother has gone over to Hicks' to see the man again who brought the word from Aunt Ruth's. Cousin Elydor has done so well with his studies that he is now teaching school. Only think of it, not more than fifteen and a school teacher!" was Abbie's next remark.

"There's nothing very wonderful in that, for as steady and studious a boy as Elydor has always been," returned Fanny. "I am glad he's got along so well. His mother thinks he is too old-fashioned to ever marry, and school teaching is certainly an agreeable occupation for a single person."

"You know about Aunt's folks because you have been there and visited," said Abbie, "I wish I could see Cousin Elydor, don't you Ivie; and don't you Alice?" (to two other sisters).

"I should like to see him very well, but would like better to get the edges of this sheet to join properly!" Ivie replied rather earnestly.

"Oh! you always will be so particular, Ivie," said Alice, "what use is there in taking so much pains with a common linen sheet? Why don't you trim this bit off; and when the hem is turned who would know the difference?"

"I should," said Ivie, "and every time I would iron it I should feel sorry I had done it wrong."

"The folks all say Ivie will be an 'old maid,' anyhow," Abbie remarked, "so let her be as particular as she likes, she'll only have herself to please by-and-by."

Ivie's cheeks flushed. The idea of being an "old maid" was disagreeable to her, although she had scarcely entered her teens. But she replied resolutely, "Whether I am an 'old maid' or not, I will see that the work I do is done right, or I'll never call it finished at all."

Mrs. Alice Kane and Mrs. Ruth Vere were own sisters, and very affectionate ones; and although residents of the same state they rarely saw each other; and only heard from each other occasionally through some traveler who might chance to meet them both. And good news from one of the families whenever it reached the other was always hailed with much delight.

Mrs. Kane was the older of the two sisters. She was the mother of six daughters, three of whom were already married. Alice, the eldest of the three still remaining at home, was preparing to enter upon the matrimonial stage at the time written of in this chapter. Ivie and Abbie, still too young to think much of such things for themselves, were enjoying the romance of helping Alice in her interesting preparations.

Their cousin, Elydor Vere, of whom they had all heard, but most of them had never seen, was one year and four months older than Ivie.

From the little that has already been written, some idea may be formed of the natures of these two young persons.

CHAPTER III.

It was a quiet April evening in the year 1832 when Elydor Vere neared the home of his parents, after an absence of several months. He had been very successful as a school teacher for two years; and as this occupation kept him generally a long distance from his home he only visited it occasionally, always returning again to his labors after a short vacation. As he reached the gate one of his brothers met him as though he had been watching for his coming. "I have strange news for you, Elydor," was the first salutation offered as the brothers clasped hands.

"Strange news about what?" queried Elydor.

"Father and mother have joined the Mormons," was his brother's reply.

Had Elydor been struck over the head with a sledge-hammer he could scarcely have been more completely stunned than he was by this sudden announcement.

Joined the "Mormons!" His father and mother, who had all their lives been such honest, faithful Methodists; his father a "circuit preacher" for many years. How could they better themselves or their condition by joining any other religious denomination, especially this strange, new thing which seemed to be creating a disturbance, so far as he had heard, wherever it was introduced? Such were his thoughts as he walked with his brother into the house.

But Elydor had a heart too honest, a mind too pure and intelligent to reject the truth when it was offered to him. It required but a few conversations with his parents, and a careful and prayerful perusal of the Book of Mormon to convince him that the so-called "Mormons" had received the living truth from God, that he also would accept it, and that his future life should be devoted to its interests.

Within a few weeks he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and with his father and others took a journey to Kirtland, the then gathering place for the people of God.

There he had the unspeakable joy of beholding face to face, and listening to the voice of the great Latter-day Prophet, Joseph Smith.

To Elydor the voice of that Prophet was indeed the voice of God. Agreeable to its counsel he remained at Kirtland for some months, receiving instructions under its divine influence, and preparing to become an instrument in the hands of God for the salvation of souls.

It became his duty and privilege to be much associated with President Smith, and his near and dear friends.

On the night of the 22nd and 23rd of September, 1832, Elydor was one of the favored "six Elders" who, with the Prophet, "united their hearts and raised their voices on high," and received "a revelation given through Joseph, the Prophet, at Kirtland, Geauga County, Ohio.

Elydor's description of the appearance and voice of the Prophet, as seen and heard at that time, is of a grand and sublime nature. He says: "It would be impossible to describe the heavenly halo which surrounded the Prophet, the glory which shone upon his countenance, or the exquisite cadence of the voice in which he spake. It was, indeed, as though we beheld the face of the Lord Jesus, our Redeemer; and we *did* hear His voice as He declared to us those sacred, blessed truths; for He said unto us, 'You who now hear my words, which are my voice, blessed are ye inasmuch as you receive these things.' Oliver Cowdery entered the room and sat down in front of the fire, (for the night was chilly), but a few moments previous to the Prophet's arising to his feet and commencing to speak forth the words of the Lord.

"While Joseph was speaking we all sat as if transfixed, watching and listening; none of us thought of touching pen or pencil. But as soon as the 'Amen' came Oliver turned to the rest of us and asked, 'Have you got it written?' Finding that we had not, he moved to the table, and in about the same length of time Joseph had occupied in delivering it, Oliver wrote it down. He read it over aloud and only two or three slight corrections were made by the Prophet."

A short time after this great and glorious testimony Elydor joyfully accepted a commission to go forth into the world and preach the gospel of the Son of God to his fellow creatures.

As a minister of the gospel, as well as a school teacher, Elydor's plain, simple address and unostentatious manners won him friends on every hand, and under the supreme guidance of Divine love, ensured him great success. Although not yet eighteen years of age,

a handsome, heavy black beard assisted his manly bearing, and the seriousness, which never seemed to belong to youth, in giving him a natural pre-eminence among the majority of people with whom he met. Many were converted and received the gospel through the blessings of the Holy Spirit operating through him. Older men than himself, in many instances, recognized him as their father in the Church; and young, giddy people listened to his words in profound silence and with reverential decorum, such as they had never before been known to manifest.

Elydor's early missionary labors were in some of the Eastern States where the gospel had not yet been proclaimed. It was his fortune, at the close of a meeting held by himself and a companion missionary one afternoon, to be invited, by a wealthy and wicked doctor, to accompany him home and partake of his hospitality.

Like himself, Elydor's companion was a young man. They were traveling and preaching wherever an opportunity was afforded, without purse or scrip. Being thus dependent upon the hospitality of strangers, they gladly accepted the kind invitation.

This doctor was notorious all through the region of country where he lived, for drinking, swearing and blasphemy. He scoffed the idea of religion as something too puerile to be listened to.

"Oh! let them go home with him!"

"Doc. D. is the man for them righteous hypocrites!" "He'll bring 'em to their senses!" "He'll do 'em the good they need?" These, with similar and much worse expressions of raillery were loudly and boisterously spoken by the rough boys and men who were always plentiful around the doctor.

A gentleman feeling more friendly than some of the rest towards the young missionaries, advised them not to go with the doctor, assuring them that he was the worst man in the whole neighborhood.

Remembering, however, that Jesus, whose followers they were, "came not to bring the

righteous, but sinners to repentance," they concluded to risk going with this "sinner" to his home, inasmuch as no one else proffered to feed and shelter them.

Dr. D's. wife they found to be a very agreeable, intelligent lady. She manifested much interest in the young strangers whom her husband had brought home to take supper with him. The home was so comfortable in every respect, and they were made so heartily welcome, things so unusual in the experience of "Mormon" missionaries, that they almost marveled at the providences of God in finding them such enjoyable quarters.

But what pleased Elydor most of all was the presence of an angelic little girl of four years old, the doctor's only child. He thought she was rightly named "Lilly," for she was as sweet and lovely a child as could well be imagined. He made friends with the little one at once, a friendship never to be forgotten in that home.

The doctor and his guests sat up very late that first night, he asking questions concerning the religion they taught, and they endeavoring to explain the principles of the same in a clear manner.

He was certainly impressed as he had never been before.

During some weeks following he helped the young men to obtain places in which to hold meetings, always made one of their congregation, and kindly urged them to remain in his house as long as they might desire to do so, and make it their home whenever they came that way. In all this his wife seconded him with a sisterly warmth of expression, and soon formed the unusual habit for non-church members of addressing Elydor as brother. This was, doubtless, in consequence of the affection manifested towards him by little Lilly, more than anything else.

For some months the two young men labored in and around that vicinity, always returning to Dr. D's. after a few days' or few weeks' absence. That they were in no danger of "wearing out their welcome" was evidenced by the enthusiasm with which Lilly always

greeted them as soon as, or before they entered the house. Upon one occasion, however, instead of Lilly's flying feet and sweet, childish voice, her mother met them at the door with a pale, careworn face, and the child was not to be seen. "Where is Lilly?" was Elydor's first enquiry.

The mother's answer was a burst of grief too passionate for words. Without further question they followed as she led the way into an inner room. There sat poor Dr. D. with his face buried in his hands, beside a cradle in which Lilly lay, apparently dying. Elydor took a seat at the head of the cradle which the mother had vacated, and placed his hand very gently on the child's white forehead. While the doctor explained, in broken accents, that the cause of this sad calamity which had fallen upon their household was malignant scarlet fever in its very worst form, that a consultation of physicians had been held over the little sufferer that morning, and that the unanimous decision was that she could not live, and all hope of her recovery had been abandoned; Elydor was silently but fervently offering up a prayer to God that his little friend might live and be made sound and well in every way. He mentioned in his prayer the kindness of the child's parents to the servants of the Lord, and besought Him to be merciful unto them, and spare their darling's life.

Presently the weeping mother came to the cradle side and bent over the little one as if she expected to see that the last breath had been drawn, and the pangs of death were over. But to the great surprise and unspeakable joy of all present, the child's eyes opened and a smile of heavenly sweetness lighted up her face; her lips parted, and in her own natural voice she exclaimed, "Mama, Brother Vere has healed me!" And she was healed, indeed. From that moment she improved rapidly, and in a few days was again playing about, as sound in health and as happy as ever.

Yet neither Dr. D. nor his amiable wife embraced the gospel. The doctor was a re-

formed man from that time, nevertheless. Many years afterwards Elydor was told by one from that neighborhood that the people about there had always said, "If the 'Mormons' never did any other good they made a moral man of Doctor D." *Lula Greene Richards.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAPTURING THE ENEMY.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 187.]

HOGAN crouched by the open door, and it was not so dark but he could see plainly the cow, as she came out, and the thief leading her by the halter. Suddenly he made a pounce.

"Ah, I've got you!" he cried, seizing a boyish arm, which was powerless to shake off his grasp. "It will be worse than a horse-whipping this time! Stealing—burglary—jail—State-prison, you rogue!"

"There's no stealing about it," said the boy, sulkily, after he had given up struggling. "It's my father's cow, and I came to take her. You are the robber yourself!"

"We'll see about that," Hogan laughed, grimly. And, after restoring the cow to the stall, he dragged the boy away.

Great was the alarm at the Morrison cottage that evening, when a neighbor's boy came rushing in to say that Marshall had been caught in the very act of stealing, and taken to Judge Bennett's house.

"They've got the constable there," said the messenger, "and they're waiting for you to come over before they take him to the lockup."

"Oh, will misfortunes never cease?" exclaimed poor Mrs. Morrison, quite crushed by this last dreadful news.

The stone-cutter rose, looking pale and stern, and demanded what Marshall had stolen.

"Mr. Hogan's cow. He was caught leading her away."

"I thought as much. Don't cry, mother," the stone-cutter said to his wife. "Our boy has committed no crime. I'll get him off, or it shall go hard with the real thief."

He seized his hat and walked over with swift and angry strides to Judge Bennett's house. He found a small crowd of village men and boys assembled in the judge's office room, in the midst of whom sat Marshall, sulky and defiant, Cole, the constable, the judge himself and Hogan, flushed and determined.

"What's this? my boy took up for stealing?" began Morrison, beside himself with passion. "He never stole a pin in his life. Marshall, come here! Come along home with me. I'm astonished that you should countenance such nonsense, Judge Bennett."

"Be quiet, be reasonable, you'd better, Mr. Morrison," said the justice, kindly. "The charge is a more serious one than you suppose. Your boy was not only caught in the act of leading away Mr. Hogan's cow—which he himself confesses—but he is charged with breaking and entering Mr. Hogan's barn."

"It's a lie, that I confess I stole Mr. Hogan's cow!" spoke up Marshall, his eyes blazing with indignation. "I said I was *taking* the cow; but she is *our* cow, and I had a right to take her. I was going to hide her till the thirty dollars could be paid. I just climbed into the little window, and I did not break anything."

"The boy tells the truth," said the stone-cutter; "and if you are a just man, you will let him off."

The judge remained calm, but he answered firmly, "I don't need to be told in that angry manner, Mr. Morrison, what it is my duty to do. Mr. Hogan shows a bill of sale for the cow, with your signature, which seems to prove that she belongs to him. The court must accept evidence, and try the case on its merits. I should be glad to favor the prisoner; but he has shown a violent and unbecoming spirit in the presence of the court. Under the circumstances, I must commit him to jail, unless you can furnish bail for him in the sum of two hundred dollars."

Hogan grinned triumphantly; for he knew that Morrison had not so much money in the world. Friends, who might otherwise have

come forward and bailed the boy, were deterred from doing so by the violence of temper shown both by him and his father. For thus it is that often the best cause is injured by the angry spirit in which it is maintained.

Marshall was marched to the village lockup to await a full hearing of the case; Hogan finally made his visit to the grog-shop, and Morrison went off, muttering threats.

The lockup was a basement room under a corner of the city hall. It was furnished with two or three cot-beds in cells, and lighted by one low iron-grated window. There Marshall was left alone to meditate upon the evil that had come to him, and the danger that still threatened. He sat on his bed; there was a foul odor in the room, and the heat was intense, and the air grew suffocating, until it seemed as if he could no longer "contain himself," as he afterwards said, and a desperate resolve seized him.

Although fourteen years old, and of average height, he was extremely slender for a boy of his years.

"I can crawl through these bars," thought he, "and I must do it or I shall die!"

There was a truck in the lockup, which he set up to the window for a support and foothold. Then, after listening awhile, to be sure that nobody was near, he took off his garments, one by one, and thrust them through the window. This done, he began resolutely, regardless of pain, to force his naked body through, after them. It was a terrible task, and at one time it seemed as if he could neither get forward nor back, but must hang mid-way, his head and shoulders through the bars and the rest of his body in the prison, until help should come. But after a little rest he made a final effort, and crept out upon the pavement. In another minute his clothes were on and he started for home.

He avoided the streets, and took a by-path across the fields and by the quarries. The moon was now well up, silvering the bushes that grew by the lonely rocks, and casting their shadows across his way. The great quarries lay like black and silent gulfs before

him. He had to pass quite near one of them, across a corner of which a heavy plank had been laid, to give additional foot-way where the path was very narrow, running between the chasm on one side and a steep ledge on the other.

As he approached the familiar place, where he had crossed hundreds of times by day, and often in the night, he was surprised to see that one end of the plank had fallen from the rock, and lodged on a point a few feet below. He was wondering whether he should try to replace it, or climb along the narrow footing by the ledge, when a low but frightful noise came up from the depths of the quarry. It sounded like a human groan. The boy was terribly frightened, and his first impulse was to run away as fast as he could; but again he heard the groan, and something in his heart would not let him go.

"I won't be a coward!" he said to himself, though his hair was all the time lifting with fear, and his flesh crawling. "What should I be afraid of?" he reasoned. "It is somebody who has fallen from the plank."

His movements seemed to have been heard below, and now a faint voice called for help.

"Help! for mercy's sake, help!" it said; and died away in another miserable groan.

Marshall crept close to the brow of the cliff and looked over. The moon, shining from the opposite side, was just lighting up the jagged wall and the bottom of the chasm. There lay a dark object, which looked almost as much like a heap of stones as it did like a human form. "But a heap of stones doesn't groan," the boy reflected; and even while he gazed, another faint cry of distress came from the dark shape.

Now, bad as his temper was, Marshall had one of the best hearts in the world; and he was brave, in spite of his boyish fears. He quickly resolved what to do. Instead of running away, he hurried to an opening which led down into the quarry, and in three minutes stood beside the fallen man.

"What can I do? Are you much hurt?" he anxiously inquired.

"Ah, is it you?" said the man, in a voice of despair, and turned up at the boy a face full of agony, in the moonlight.

It was the face of the superintendent, Hogan, who, returning home from the village, tipsy, had slipped from the plank, caught at it in falling, knocked it from its place, and tumbled from rock to rock to the bottom of the cliff.

Marshall remembered all his own and his family's wrongs, and that he had just escaped from jail, where he had been placed on this man's complaint. Again he was tempted to run away. But the wretch pleaded, humbly:

"Don't leave me! I shall die if you do! I believe my leg is broken."

"I am sorry," said Marshall, stooping and trying to lift him up. "There, do you feel better? Put your head on my jacket,"—pulling it off and placing it for a pillow. "I'll go and get help."

"No!" said Hogan, clutching hold of him; "you won't come back! You won't get help—for me! Why should you?"

"Oh, yes, I will!" cried the boy, eagerly. "I can't let you die here—and I won't! I thought I would at first; but now I will surely get help and come back to you."

"Oh, God bless you, boy, if you will!" groaned the miserable man, and sank back on the lad's jacket to wait, in pain and remorse, for what would happen next.

Marshall hurried directly home, where he found his father and mother sitting up in the lonely kitchen, talking over their griefs and wrongs. Great was their surprise at sight of him; and great at first was his father's joy on hearing how he had escaped, and how his enemy had fallen into the pit.

"Good enough for the villain! It's a judgment of heaven upon him! Let him die the death of a dog, as he deserves!" And the fierce stone-cutter smote the table with his fist till the whole house jarred.

"But, father," pleaded the boy, "he is very badly hurt, and I—I promised I would get help and go back to him."

"The more fool you!" said his father. "After that man's treatment of you and all of us! I'm ashamed of you, Marshall!"

But now kind-hearted Mrs. Morrison seconded her son and said:

"For the sake of his poor wife and children, Philip! Think how we should feel if you were hurt in that way. And consider—what I have heard you say many times—that it isn't Mr. Hogan himself, but the bad spirit which drink puts into him, that does these things."

"Yes, yes, that's so," said the stone-cutter. "I can't leave the man to die."

So he started off with Marshall, roused up a couple of neighbors by the way, and hurried on to the quarry.

While they were carrying the injured man home, the boy ran for a doctor, who met them at the door. The broken limb was set, and Hogan's other hurts were carefully attended to; then, when he had been made as comfortable as possible under such circumstances, he looked up at Morrison, who had stood by him to the last, and said:

"I didn't think this of you, Phil, and I didn't deserve it of you."

"No thanks to me," replied Morrison. "It's the woman and the boy who prevailed over me. Then I remembered that it wasn't you, Giles Hogan, but the spirit of drink in you, that was my enemy."

"Tell the boy not to be afraid," said Hogan. "Here's that bill of sale," and he tore it before Morrison's eyes. "The cow is yours, so it could have been no theft. And as for drink—I'm done with it from this night."

Of course, the complaint against Marshall was withdrawn and the boy, after his re-arrest, was set at liberty under the most lenient provisions of the law. As he grew up, he learned more and more to control his fiery passions, and convert them into the energy of manhood, and more and more to cultivate that goodness of heart, that kindness, even to an enemy, which redeems a multitude of faults.

C. A. Y.

UP FROM TRIBULATION.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 203.]

PART VI.

NOTHING could exceed the comfort and peace which settled down on the soul of Willard Gibbs, the first night that he slept in the neat little bed-room off the kitchen which Aunt Sarah's careful hands had prepared for him. As Aunt Sarah had no girls, this room was to be his own.

With pleasure he disposed the few books that belonged to him, in the two shelves which he had made at odd moments. Here, he decided, he should forget all that uneasy rapture which marked all his associations with pretty, willful Rhoda Mainwaring. Here too he would bend his mind to fasting and prayer, that his dear wife might be brought to see the glory and truth of the gospel. In this quiet, peaceful retreat, he would diligently store his mind with every good and gracious thing that was at his command. How earnest was his prayer of thanksgiving to God, on this his first evening at the farm!

The intense stillness of every thing but the piercing, sweet song of the meadow lark, next morning, was an ample assurance that he was away from the noisy, crowded, city home of the Mainwarings. He sprang from his bed with a joyous determination to do the very best for his kind employer and friend that was in his power to accomplish.

"Aunt Sarah," he said, as they sat down to the breakfast table, with the feeling of peace still brooding over him, "I believe I shall be better and more contented here than I have been since I left my home in Virginia. There is such a spirit of quiet and comfort here."

"Did your bed lay good? You know new straw is generally lumpy and roly; but I did the very best I could, considering I am a poor broken-backed creature," she added jokingly. "It's not always handy to have to be man, woman, and hired girl in one. But you know I am used to that sort of thing. Women are called the weaker vessels, but I

am sure they have to do all their own part and a good deal of that which a man ought to do. Goodness knows, though I don't complain, for all I have never been blessed with a boy; some folks have all the boys and all the blessings and none of the drudgery, while others slave and toil without rest or change. No man ever knows what a woman endures carrying in beds and lugging round from morning till night; not but what I always enjoy working for those I love, no matter how tired I may get. I just enjoyed fixing up your room yesterday. Did you see what Ethel did? She just begged to fix up your curtains with some ribbon, so I let her have her own way. It is good to have a little help from any source; for I am such a miserable creature half the time, and beds to be filled without any one to help you move a thing."

Just here it dawned on Willard that he had acted the part of a brute to be so inconsiderate of a frail, delicate woman, like Aunt Sarah, so he began a hurried apology, without accompanying assurance of future good conduct, and begged her to call on him at any moment for all services that she might desire. He should consider it a great pleasure to wait upon her as an own son might. Kind Aunt Sarah accepted his apologies, and offers, with the small consciousness that she had said anything to call forth either the repentance or the promise of future services. Her soft, monotonous voice went smoothly on, without break or pause, and taught by experience, Willard went on about his work leaving the good lady in the middle of a sentence, explaining how utterly devoid of rest her night had been, on account of baby's croupy, constant cough. He knew if he waited to hear the last of Miss Baby's wonderful ailments, and miraculous recoveries, he would have to postpone the digging of the well to some remote period of futurity.

He could not help smiling as he recalled Tommy's definition of Aunt Sarah's peculiarity, "she had discovered and applied the secret of perpetual motion in her tongue."

That evening Willard brought out a magazine, and sitting down by the center table asked Aunt Sarah if she would like him to read to her while she worked. She accepted the offer with alacrity, and at once drifted off into a detailed explanation of her intense love for literature, and the depths of unhappiness she had suffered in not being able to gratify her desires; he saw he was like to be swamped on the swift-running sea of her gentle eloquence, so at a favorable opportunity, he began his reading, Aunt Sarah's voice dying away gradually in the greater volume of his own deep musical tones.

The evening passed quietly away, and about ten o'clock he closed the book and said something about bed time, but as he arose to go Aunt Sarah asked,

"Aren't you going to have prayers, Brother Gibbs?"

"Shall I?" he asked in surprised reply.

"I should think you would," she answered.

"You are the man of the house here, and I am sure that the Bishop would expect you to do so."

"If you think so, then we will have prayers." And with a throbbing heart the young man made his first public prayer. It was a very halting one, but it was sincere, and reached the Throne of Grace as effectually as a more elaborate one would have done.

The days passed quietly on, too quietly, poor Willard began to think, for he found the task he had set himself to accomplish was much harder than it would have been had he been in the midst of excitement and crowds. The hungry longing that assailed him to see and be near Rhoda grew more intense as the days went on. At last he was obliged to admit that he loved the girl with all the intensity of his heart. To him, with all his preconceived notions of fidelity to the wife of his youth, this was a humiliating admission. He had been taught that it was a sin for a man to love any other woman unless death severed the tie between the wedded couple. Now he found himself as deeply in love with this pretty Mormon girl as he had been with his

wife before marriage deepened the bond. Why was it so? Had the separation from his wife left his heart empty? No, a thousand times no. He loved her as deeply as ever, and longed for her sweet presence as before. And yet—and yet—what was the explanation of this mystery? The stories of horror he had listened to in the east came back to him with wearying persistence. Could it be possible, the devil whispered, that the very air of this territory was demoralizing?

Day after day these things came to him with increased force. Sweet, horrible suggestions of trying to win Rhoda's love and flying the country began to present themselves to his bewildered senses. What need to follow the many sad thoughts that beset him in this trying time? for such things are none too pleasant to contemplate.

One evening toward the close of the month of September he sat thinking in his own room, when suddenly the saying of President Young came to his mind with all the force of spoken words, "Whenever I feel the least like praying, then is the time that I need to pray the most." What comfort he had derived from that same principle once before, and why had he not thought of it now? He recalled with vivid remembrance the fact that his prayers had been singularly brief and formal of late. He had been too absorbed and too wretched to pray. Indeed, for a week past he had let his private prayers go entirely, thinking that the praying he did in the family sufficient for all purposes. Without a moment's delay, as was his own impulsive way, he locked his door and at once went down on his knees to ask God to help him out of the mental fog into which he had drifted. Cheered and comforted, he arose and went out to his dinner with a brighter air than he had worn for a month. Aunt Sarah, who was a keen observer when her own woes lifted a little, said, "You haven't heard from your wife, have you, Brother Gibbs? You look quite happy, and there is nothing like love-letters to make anyone joyful, unless it is a visit instead. Do you hear from her often?"

"Not often, but occasionally."

"And how is she?"

"Oh, quite well the last time I heard from her," he replied. Then, quickly, lest she should interrupt him, he asked her, "Aunt Sarah, will you allow me to ask you a very personal question?"

"Why, of course I will; ask anything you like. I am never ashamed to answer any question about myself or my life."

"How is it that women can ever content themselves to be wives of a man, knowing that his affections are centered in his first wife?"

Poor Aunt Sarah was completely astounded. Never before in her life had she felt so utterly at a loss for a word. She sat for a moment staring at her interlocuter with her mouth open but silent in dumb surprise.

"What on earth do you mean?" she burst out at last. "Do you suppose that Mr. Mainwaring married me without any affection for me? Do you imagine that he thinks any more of either of his wives than he does of me? What a question to ask a good, faithful, affectionate wife!" and dissolved in a flood of tears at the very imputation, she still hurried along with questions left unanswered and answers to unasked questions, till Willard was almost beside himself with chagrin and distress.

"Please forgive me," he managed to say earnestly in a little lull of the fast-flowing river; "don't be angry," he pleaded, "remember how ignorant I am in these matters, and I am earnestly seeking information. Therefore I sought your counsel, knowing you must understand all these matters."

Mollified as much, shall it be confessed, by the compliment as by the young man's evident contrition and ignorance, Aunt Sarah began at once to preach a gospel sermon; and in truth, let it be said, that few could have so well discharged the task he had required. Given a principle of the gospel, an interested listener, and she was at her best. Perhaps the worthy Bishop had some such thought in his mind when he sent Willard down to the farm.

He knew that his last wife was as sound on the doctrines of the Church, and was withal as faithful and trustworthy a woman as there was to be found in Utah. Be that as it may, Willard, for the first time, heard with understanding ears the doctrine of plural marriage.

All the various phases of the principle were set before him: the bringing forth of a righteous seed; the refusal of women of Christian nations to bear children; the vital necessity of there being some channel opened through which the numerous spirits now waiting for a tabernacle might come and take tabernacled bodies, these spirits having been reserved to come forth in these last days; the strength and beauty of character gained by men and women by living in this order; the lifting of the curse placed on woman; and, above all, the command of God that it should be so.

"But," interposed Willard, "how can it be virtuous and proper?"

"You can see no impropriety in a man marrying one wife?"

"Of course not," laughed Willard.

"Then if he marries two or more with the consent and good will of all concerned, how can there be anything immoral about it? Mind, there must be as sacred an observance of the laws of virtue and chastity as there is in monogamy. A husband must keep himself as far above the suspicion of wrong-doing as the wife must be true to the man who has her vows of fealty. Plural marriage is as far from promiscuous love as heaven is above the earth."

"Then there is no design to gratify a man's base passions that is at the bottom of the whole thing?"

"You must have paid small attention to the beautiful laws of nature that are as necessary to the highest development of the race as are the laws of horticulture applicable to the rearing of perfect flowers and fruits. No one thinks it at all impure to master every detail of the budding and cultivation of plants, the sweet mystery of the dainty pollen and its fertilization are reverently approached; but when one begins to question the attributes of

man's human organization, its tender mysteries and miracles, behold, one hears the ancient cry of unclean, unclean. What a mockery! You speak of the grandest function of manhood, the point wherein he most nearly touches the divinity of his Maker, in the lowest terms. I grant that Satan and his corruption have dragged this divine attribute down to the lowest depths of perdition, and the gospel of Christ has come to us to teach us that the various parts of our natures are designed to raise us to eternal glory, and just in proportion to their strength are they the most capable of raising us to heaven or lowering us to hell. The passion or attribute you have spoken of is the strongest in the human being, and illustrates perfectly my meaning. If suffered to run riot it will sink men to the lowest depths of infamy, if honored it serves to bring heavenly joy, peace, honor, earthly and eternal. Thus—'

At that moment baby Mary gave one of her sudden, unearthly yells, indicative of some need, and with an answering scream Aunt Sarah ran to the rescue. There could be no more talk that night, as baby was a remorseful tyrant, and after prayers Willard retired to his own room. He had much to think of: a woman had talked to him on this subject with a freedom never before assumed to him even by his own mother, yet it had been done with so much dignity, in such pure language and with so much delicate firmness, that he had felt a deeper reverence for Aunt Sarah than he ever before deemed it possible to feel for any woman not his mother. Such new thoughts she had put into his mind. It would be wearying and needless to follow the young man through all the devious wanderings of that wakeful night.

The next morning at an early hour he was up and at his work. His hard thinking did not prevent his hard working. The noon hour came quickly and he was surprised to hear the familiar sound of the bell.

Stopping at the well for a drink of cool water, he had just raised the dipper to his mouth when a girlish figure stepped to the

door and a winsome voice called out, "How do you do?"

Never till that moment did he realize the all-absorbing love that filled his heart for the girl who spoke so unexpectedly to him. His heart throbbed so violently that he leaned against the well-curb for a momentary support.

"When did you come down?" were the matter-of-fact words that he spoke. He was glad that she passed into the house, allowing him to go to his room and make some slight changes in his toilet before going in to speak to them all. Aunt Mary, Rhoda, Moroni and Tommy had come down in the old carryall to spend the day. The greetings were warm and full of raillery and jest.

Aunt Sarah stood in the middle of the front room, her soft voice filling in every interstice of conversation with accounts of every known and unknown woe she had borne since the last meeting. Rhoda had assumed charge of the dinner and was flying about the kitchen with starry eyes of excitement and bright red cheeks.

"How have you been getting on, Brother Gibbs, since you deserted us?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Oh," interposes Aunt Sarah before Willard can reply, "we have had lovely times. Willard says he never was so happy or satisfied since he got to Utah. You see, we have been so quiet and peaceful, no one to torment nor to tantalize, not a soul to lie around and be waited upon, though, goodness knows, I have felt as if it would be heavenly to give up and be waited on; and I guess Willard has been glad to get away from such tearing romps and tom-boy rumpuses as he was obliged to witness up to the city."

"How's that, Aunt Sarah?" he asked in some surprise.

"Didn't you tell me how you enjoyed the quiet of the farm in contrast to the noise of the old home?"

Certainly he remembered saying something of that sort, but he could not for the life of him recall saying all that had been imputed to him. But dismissing it for the present as

his memory was not ready to furnish him with his exact words, and leaving Aunt Sarah telling a long story about the good times they spent in the evenings reading, although as she spoke he could recall but one night so spent, he hurried into the kitchen to speak to Rhoda. Evidently she had heard Aunt Sarah's fling about the tom boys, and quite as evidently she thought him the originator of the remark. Her sweet graciousness of manner, the half tender glances of the eye were all supplanted by a coldness and assumed indifference of manner that completely deceived poor Will, so little did he read or comprehend the complexity of a woman's heart.

"How have you been getting on?" was his first inapt remark.

"Oh, splendidly," was the defiant reply. "Rufus Willis and Lovina and Martin Wells and I were at the big ball in the theater. You ought to have been there, it was just lovely! Father took us all out to Salt Lake last week when the President and his family were out there. We were the only others there but President Wells' family. Of course Rufus and Martin were there. Have you never been there? It is a lovely trip to make."

Will stood looking at the dainty figure flying around the kitchen, his own hands thrust into his pockets, his moody eyes following her as she worked, and his moodier thoughts busy with the pictures of enjoyment in which he could have no part. Then the folks crowded into the kitchen, as the dinner was just ready, and evidently continuing her remarks, Aunt Sarah said,

"I was just telling the folks about our talk on plurality, Willard. He is the happiest mortal you ever saw on the days on which he hears from his wife. His heart is true to Poll," she laughs at her ill-timed joke then. "I can tell you, girls, there is no hope for any of you. He is one of the kind that love once, love forever; and he just scorns the idea of a man loving a girl when he has a first wife. If he ever asks a girl to have him it will be from a sense of duty, from a feeling of pity for the unlucky girl," the last remark accompanied

with a somewhat significant glance at Rhoda's burning cheeks. The girl felt it in a moment, and with an admirable control over her voice, laughed.

"What an unlucky girl that would be, Aunt Sarah. Brother Gibbs should remember that Mormon girls marry men whose characters they know and respect. His best chance will be to convert the wife so dear to him. He might be reminded, if he sought a wife in Utah, be she of ever so silly a temperament, of the famous recipe of cooking a missionary in the Fiji Islands, 'first catch your man;' but no doubt he is as indifferent to the girls as they are to him."

The cruel blow stunned him. He had said nothing, done nothing to call all this misery down upon his head. Dimly he felt that Aunt Sarah, Rhoda and the whole Mainwaring family were against him in some sort of horrible, mysterious conspiracy to render his life not worth the living. Aunt Sarah's gentle, swift tones rarely gave any one time to interrupt or explain. She had in some inconceivable way twisted his words and meaning, yet he realized how impossible it would be to straighten matters out.

He excused himself after dinner and returned to his work. His whole soul revolted at the bitter, undeserved taunts thrown at him by the girl he had loved, and the revulsion of feeling left him stranded high and dry on the shifting sands of hatred.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN we rise fresh and vigorous in the morning, the world seems fresh too, and we think we shall never be tired of business or pleasure; but by that time the evening is come, we find ourselves heartily so; we quit all its enjoyments readily and gladly; we retire willingly into a little cell; we lie down in darkness, and resign ourselves to the arms of sleep and perfect satisfaction and complacency. Apply this to youth and old age,—life and death.


The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1890.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Our Educational Facilities.

 FROM present prospects it appears evident that Utah Territory is to be furnished with excellent facilities for education. Probably no part of this great Republic will have advantages superior to ours in this respect.

Those who oppose us are well aware of the importance of education in shaping the minds of the rising generation. If they could only take from us the education of our children, they think they would deal us one of the most deadly blows ever aimed at us. Under this impression and with this object in view, money has been spent very lavishly by various sects for the express purpose of building school houses in this Territory and furnishing teachers therefor. It has been hoped by this means, and by making the charge for tuition low, to induce Latter-day Saints to send their children to these institutions to be educated. Many people have been tempted by these advantages, and have permitted their children to attend these schools. Whenever they have done so, the results have been evil; for what is the value of education if it leads children into infidelity and to reject the gospel?

Under the new Territorial law we are now to have free schools. Taxes will be levied in such a manner as to place a large fund at the disposal of school trustees throughout the Territory. Costly buildings will be erected, and everything will be done to furnish these buildings with the necessary apparatus, and to secure the services of skillful teachers. An Agricultural College is also being built in Cache Valley. This will be sustained by funds from the Territory and from the gen-

eral Government. No doubt every effort will be made to fill that institution with students.

In this way the children of the Latter-day Saints will have numerous opportunities offered them to obtain education. It will become a very important consideration with the members of the Church as to what they will do with their children under these circumstances. Will they be tempted by the offered free-school education to send their children to institutions whose teachers will let no opportunity pass of destroying faith in the gospel in the breasts of their pupils? Parents will be forced to bestow thought upon this important subject, and to ask themselves what kind of education do they wish their children to obtain.

No system of education can be perfect which does not teach the principles of righteousness and faith in God. Learning has not saved the world, neither can it save it. No man by wisdom ever found out God, and men may study all their lives and acquire all the knowledge and worldly wisdom that is within the reach of the human mind, and yet be utterly destitute of the true knowledge of God.

It is of the utmost importance that our children should, in the first place, be taught faith in God. This cannot be left out of our system of education. Every child in our midst should be taught how to obtain a knowledge of God. This should be made the corner stone and the foundation of all education. Events are so shaping themselves around us that we shall have to pay great attention to the education of our children upon this important point. We have not started our Church schools, therefore, any too soon. They should receive the fostering care and help of every Latter-day Saint who is able to extend any assistance to them. If we desire our children to grow up in the faith of the everlasting gospel and to be qualified to cope with the learning of the world, we must adopt efficient measures for the proper organizations of our own schools. It will be a great temptation to many people to send their

children to the free schools that will now be supported by our taxes, but of what value is learning if it be acquired at the expense of faith? We know some among us who, in acquiring learning in eastern colleges, and some even at home, have gained that learning at the expense of their faith. What a dreadful fate is this for a child born of Latter-day Saint parents!

It is very desirable that our children should receive a good education, that they should have all the advantages that the learning of the age affords, because we have a great destiny before us. Our youth will require all the advantages which the highest education affords, but to be truly educated their spiritual natures must be cultivated. Education which leaves out God is destitute of all true value. Satan is aware of the great power which a true system of education gives to the people. He is, therefore, opposed to such a system. He knows full well that a generation trained in all true knowledge cannot be led by him, as they would be if their education were neglected. He therefore stirs up all the agencies under his control to do everything in their power to defeat the purposes of God in regard to the education of our children.

This should have only the effect to make us as a people more diligent and careful in this direction. It appears probable that school education will hereafter be easily obtained in this territory. So far, so good; but we must as a people use every means in our power to make this education sound and true. To do this, we shall have to expend means with considerable liberality; but the result will amply repay us. No better investment can be made than in giving a sound and true religious education to our children. Such an education will, as an investment, pay better than any investment in banks, or stock of any kind. A young person thus educated is fitted to cope with the world, and if he should not inherit any money or other property through his parents, he will nevertheless be rich, for such an education is a fine capital for a young man or woman.

The circumstances in which we are now placed, and which are likely to surround us for some time to come, will be likely to sharpen our faculties and compel us to arouse ourselves to keep pace with the progress of events around us. We must be stirred up to action, for the competing forces now operating in our midst are of such a character that we cannot be idle. If we take advantage of our position, we are sure to witness a great development among us in every direction.

We are thrown into the arena with the world. The contest is upon us. We cannot avoid it and be true to our God and our religion, and there can be no doubt as to the results if we act with that wisdom which God has promised to bestow. We wish to impress upon the minds of all our readers that there is no question at the present time more important to us than this question of education, and in no direction, that we at present perceive, can means be expended with the probability of bringing grander results than in the fostering and multiplying of our Church schools.

THOMAS A BECKET.

THIS man, whose name is now enrolled in the highest rank of saints and martyrs, was born in London in the year 1119. He was the son of a merchant and by his peculiar abilities and energy quickly attracted attention. Theology was his principal study which he pursued at Oxford and Paris, and subsequently at Bologna and Auxerre. Being attracted by the excellence of his talents, Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, recommended Thomas a Becket to Henry II., who promoted him to the office of high chancellor. In this position he won the sympathies of his countrymen, and he speedily became honored and powerful. Though his duties were numerous and burdensome he discharged them vigorously. He lived in fine style during these times and the magnificence of his home was not excelled by the palace of the king. When he



MURDER OF THOMAS A BECKET.

became the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1162, however, he entirely changed his habits and manner of living. His liberalities were only

exhibited in his contributions to public charities, and he became a most fearless champion of the rights of the church before

king and people. Nobles as well as lay members were placed under the ban for disaffection and the alienation of church property.

Henry II. was very jealous of the royal prerogatives and endeavored to keep the clergy in subordination to the state. To more completely effect this purpose he convened a council of the nobility and clergy at Clarendon in the year 1164 where several laws were enacted, by which the king's power and jurisdiction over the clergy were accurately explained, and the rights and privileges of the bishops and priests reduced within narrow bounds. Becket refused obedience to these laws, which he deemed prejudicial to the divine rights of the church in general, and to the prerogatives of the Roman pontiffs in particular. Upon this there arose a violent debate between the resolute monarch and the rebellious prelate, which obliged the latter to retire into France, where Alexander the Pope was at that time in a kind of exile. The pontiff and the king of France interposed their good offices in order to compose these differences, in which they succeeded so far, after much trouble and difficulty, as to encourage Becket to return to England, where he was reinstated in his forfeited dignity. But the generous and indulgent proceedings of his sovereign toward him, were not sufficient to subdue his arrogant and rebellious obstinacy in maintaining what he called the privileges of the church; nor could he be induced by any means to comply with the views and measures of Henry. The consequences of his inflexible resistance were fatal to the haughty prelate; for he was, soon after his return into England, December 29th, 1170, assassinated before the altar, while he was at vespers in his cathedral, by four persons—gentlemen of the court, named, Fitz-Urse, Tracy, Brito and Morville.

It is asserted that Henry was accessory to this murder. Being aroused, in an unguarded moment, when, after having received new affronts notwithstanding the reconciliation he had effected with so much trouble and condescension, he expressed himself to this pur-

pose: "Am I not unhappy, that, among the numbers who are attached to my interests, and employed in my service, there is no one possessed of spirit enough to resent the affronts which I am constantly receiving from a miserable priest?" These words indeed were not pronounced in vain. But it is extremely remarkable, that, after the murder, the assassins were afraid they had gone too far, and durst not return to the king's court, which was then in Normandy; but retired at first to Knaresborough in Yorkshire, which belonged to Morville, whence they repaired to Rome for absolution, and being admitted to penance by Alexander, were sent by that pontiff to Jerusalem, and passed the remainder of their lives upon the Black Mountain in the severest acts of austerity and mortification. All this does not look as if the king had been deliberately concerned in this murder, or had expressly consented to it. On the contrary, various circumstances concur to prove that Henry was entirely innocent of this murder. Mr. Hume mentions particularly one, which is worthy of notice. The king, suspecting the design of the four gentlemen above-mentioned, by some menacing expressions they had dropped, "despatched a messenger after them, ordering them to attempt nothing against the person of the primate. But these orders were too late."

Whatever part the king may have taken in this murder, he was compelled to do heavy penance for the act. He stripped his back and allowed the monks to whip it; he did penance at the tomb of the prelate, besides making very many concessions to the class whom he had sought to suppress. *C. A*

PERHAPS in no trade has the division of labor been successfully carried to so great an extent as in that of watch-making. In an examination before a committee of the House of Commons, it was stated that there are a hundred and two distinct branches of this art, to each of which a boy may be apprenticed.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father who art in heaven,
 Who to us this precious life has given,
 Hallowed be thy holy name,
 Teach us to bless and praise the same.
 Let thy blessed kingdom come,
 And of its citizens may we each be one ;
 And may help to us be given
 To do thy will as 'tis done in heaven.
 Give us this day our daily bread,
 For e'en the ravens by thee are fed.
 Our trespasses forgive we pray,
 As we do others day by day.
 Help us temptation all to shun,
 That we may end as we've begun.
 From every evil may we be delivered,
 And cease from thy presence to be severed.
 For thine is the kingdom and the power,
 We'll own it to our latest hour,
 And the glory, too, we'll ascribe it then
 And forever and ever, O Lord. Amen.

Charles W. Bennett.

THE LAW DIVINE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 219.)

THE storm raged with increasing fury, and as he occasionally came to the surface and looked over the maddened water, he saw that Fotheringham had reached the shallow water stretching down from the shore; saw him wade up the long slope thickly grown with bulrushes, and gain a place of safety. The boat, of which he caught occasional glimpses, was making slow but sure progress toward the land, and there was no question in his mind but that they would reach it.

A great joy welled up in his heart even in spite of his own dire extremity, that these two men owed their chance of life to his justice, his generosity. Such a joy as a man only feels when he has proven himself, and knows beyond a doubt that he is worthy of his own self-respect. He knew if he never reached the shore alive that his wife would understand and approve his act. The dear, dear wife that he accepted as the best gift of God, so brave and strong and true. How terrible this ending to the joy and beauty of their

brief married life! And now to be widowed in such a manner. He felt such a tender pity for her. He knew just how she would look, and what she would say. How she would lean upon the Lord for strength, and give her life up to good deeds and the proper rearing of their son.

A deadly calm was upon him, and from sheer weariness his muscles were fast reaching that point where they could no longer respond to his indomitable will, his sublime determination. He no longer prayed for himself, but that the blow would be softened to the heart of the good woman who called him husband.

A thought presented itself to his mind at this juncture, as novel as it seemed impracticable. But the new hope born of a conviction of the feasibility of the thought came into his numbened mind. Drawing a long breath he went to the bottom to rest, and put the coat under his feet. As long as he could possibly hold his breath he stood on the bottom of the lake, his feet deep in the fern-like vegetation and his arms and limbs at rest; then he rose to the surface and made some little headway before the coat again became unmanageable, and weariness compelled him to go to the bottom for rest. How novel the sensation, the weight of water above him, the calmness and stillness of death over him as though wrapped in his tomb, and looking up through the delicate shadings of the water, where it was ten feet deep, and mark the billows as they rolled over him. He felt a great satisfaction in the thought that those two men clinging to the boat drifting at the mercy of the mad elements were praying for him. Slight and precarious as this rest would seem, it enabled him each time to swim a little further, and again he would go down, beginning to note with unspeakable happiness that the water was growing shallower. This sinking he had occasion to repeat many times, and to William Fotheringham who stood upon the beach unable to render him any assistance, that first sinking he believed to be death. Each time he disappeared the terrible thought came to him that he should

see him no more. But as he went down and came up several times and was really making his way toward the shore, Brother Fotheringham seized one of the paddles and all wet, benumbed and tired as he was, he waded out—out till the water ran to his lips—indicating by his presence the nearest point of shallow water and reaching the oar to him. One more gallant effort and his hand will be upon the oar. But he missed it, and it seemed to him and to his friend, as the water closed over him, that this was the last. What sound was that which broke the icy bands about his heart and started the slowly congealing blood into a hot torrent over his paralyzed limbs? It was his wife's voice calling his name in heart-broken tones that came to him on the breath of fancy. But it roused him to one more effort; again the water broke over him and, as from a grave, he came up once more and laid his hand upon the oar, was seized by a friendly hand and led ashore. More dead than alive he sank down upon the sands, and it was hours before he was able, with the help of his friends, (all of whom were safely landed) to make his way to the house of John Murdock on the lake shore. He had been in the water one hour and a half.

Here they were furnished dry clothes and, while they related their various experiences, their kind hostess gave them hot coffee and a good warm breakfast.

The short and furious storm was all over, and all nature was as serene as though four lives had not been in peril a few hours before.

Not till then did they remember Mrs. Murdock's dream.

How thankful they were that they had heeded the heaven-sent message, for Brother John Murdock could not swim, and there would have been three men to the boat, and what power could have averted the catastrophe which Brother Canute Peterson's manhood, under Providence, averted? They were very happy notwithstanding they had lost their seines and a large "catch" of fish.

Most of the actors in this drama still live honored and respected, and I wish it were

within the power of my pen to chronicle all the noble and heroic deeds done by our people, for the embellishing of the pages of our history and the instruction of the young in the paths of real heroism. It is too true that we generally

"Yield a reluctant justice to the dead;
And light the torch of fame when life hath fled."

Ellen Jakeman.

FREE AGENCY.

IN NOTHING is the justice and wisdom of God more manifest than in giving to us our free agency. Although the gospel embodies everything that is calculated to stimulate, encourage and bless, it would fail of its happy results, without the voluntary exercise of this eternal principle.

Satan's method, to redeem and save all, irrespective of this condition, would have made us slaves, and would have defeated the ends of justice, which holds sacred our free rights to choose between good and evil. The plan that God's wisdom conceived—to leave all free to accept or deny salvation—is evidently all that truth and justice could desire, as it leaves us all free to use the reason and judgment that He has endowed us with to fit our own destiny for good or evil. While it is our privilege to use our agency on such important matters as our soul's salvation, how necessary it is that we should possess the light of God to direct us as to the proper use of it! Our Father in heaven, being loving and kind, and knowing our weakness and our need of wisdom to guide us, has revealed Himself to us and appeals to our minds and hearts to accept His gospel. This gospel is in perfect unison and harmony with all the higher attributes and instincts of our being, and is suited to develop them so that, eventually, we may be prepared to go back into His presence—redeemed, tested and purified. This great blessing, however, as we have already noticed, is left entirely to the option of the individual will.

It is painfully evident that the great calamities that have afflicted our race, from the beginning of time up to the present, are the natural results of disobedience to God's law and of men having used their agency in the wrong direction. Had they accepted the saving means of grace at their command, had they been willing to work in harmony with God's plan of salvation, they might have had joy in place of sorrow; but they preferred darkness rather than light, hence sin prevailed and they became the slaves of their evil lusts and passions, until often we find they have descended below the level of the brute creation.

But we leave this deplorable picture to look at ourselves in a better, higher and purer light, hoping, however, that such lessons to us will not be in vain.

The God-like qualities and aspirations of the human form divine are ample assurances of our grand possibilities, and prove, beyond doubt, the glorious destiny that God intended we should attain. Both God and nature declare that man can never enjoy perfect bliss without mutual love and mutual participation—a blending of common interests. We are as a grand golden chain, linked together, each link of which depends upon the other. Our happy destiny is to become a grand, solid, perfect whole—a grand family union of the sons and daughters of God. This union must comprise the temporal things as well as the spiritual. And why should it not? If we need divine direction in the one, why not in the other? Our life, our substance, our all are the gifts of God, and we need His guidance in all, or our prospects will be dark and hopeless.

We have had glimpses, at times, of the grand union that God has in store for His people. In the days of Enoch, an order of union existed, by virtue of which he and his followers and their city found favor in the sight of God to that degree that they were translated from this gross state of existence to a holier and better sphere. In the New Testament, Acts 4: 32, mention is made of

an order where all property was common. We read also in the Book of Mormon that the Nephites prospered exceedingly under a united order which made all things common. In our own day the Lord has tried us with the same holy order, but because we lacked faith, and by reason of trustlessness in each other, we, as a body of people failed to accept it. By the use of our free agency we denied ourselves its benefits. While God holds our agency inviolate in all these things, His eternal laws and purposes are still the same, and we can in no wise disregard His divine blessings without incurring His anger and displeasure. This sacred order, which we evaded, awaits us yet, and, ere we arrive at that eminence of prosperity which God designs we shall occupy, must be accepted.

When we obeyed the gospel we made a covenant with God to receive His revealed will, here a little and there a little, line upon line, precept upon precept, as He should see fit, for our best good. We agreed to intrust our present and future welfare to His care and direction, having faith that He would order all things well. We have proven Him faithful to all He has promised; if any failure has been made, or agreement broken, we are to blame. He has ever been our faithful Friend, and is much more willing to give than we are prepared to receive.

There is one thing in relation to our free agency that we must always bear in mind; that is, that it should never be permitted to conflict with God's purposes, and think to circumscribe limits to His all-seeing wisdom. Our agency in the cause of God is only free to do right and further the ends of truth and justice. When we cease to do this we enlist under a different banner, and in an entirely different cause.

Whether we stand or fall, in God's work, will altogether depend upon our own individual faithfulness and integrity, and the help of the Spirit of God. He will help the honest, prayerful and humble. We need the wisdom of God continually to guide us, so that the agency we possess may not be perverted, but

that it may ever be alert to bring forth good fruits to the glory of God the Father.

J. C.

RETRIBUTION.

THAT the same measure given shall be received again is fully manifested in the cases recorded in the Book of Ether, which is a very brief history of the people of Jared, and the brother of Jared, who left the tower of Babel some 2,247 years before Christ, and only about 101 years after the flood. The Book of Ether is an abridgment of twenty-four gold plates found near the hill called Cumorah, situated in the north-west part of the state of New York. On the 210th page of the Book of Mormon, Moroni gives an account of these plates as found by a party exploring that region of country under the leadership of one named Limhi, one of a later race of people who came from Jerusalem about 600 years before Christ.

This Book of Ether gives an account of a very large body of people numbering, in all probability, about 12,000,000 of people. The object of this article is to show the retribution which followed one of the wicked kings who was a usurper and a murderer of his own Father. His name was Jared. If he did not directly murder his father he consented thereto and conspired for the beheading of his own father. Jared's own fair daughter was a confederate in the deep laid plot.

At this stage of the narrative it will be necessary to go a little further back in the history of this usurper and wicked man, wherein we may learn of his wicked ways and the way he treated others; also the treatment accorded to him. King Omer was the father of Jared, who became a rebellious son and by his flattery and cunning gained the half of the kingdom, subsequently giving battle to his father and carried him away and made him serve in captivity.

Two sons of King Omer, Esrom and Coriantumr, were exceeding angry because of the

doings of Jared their brother, insomuch that they did raise an army and gave battle unto him by night. And when they had slain the army of Jared they were about to slay him also, and he pled with them that they would not slay him, and that he would give up the kingdom unto his father. His desires being granted unto him he retired from his illgotten kingdom, but not without sorrow and deep regret, for his heart was set upon the glory of the world which cankered his soul, disqualifying him for the Spirit of God to dwell in him; hence we see the bad results of his misguided steps and the folly of sin. For he who becomes a servant of sin is led captive by the will of the father of sin, who is the Devil.

Now, this justly dethroned king had an exceedingly fair daughter who sympathized with her sorrowing father in his gloomy hours. Here we will use her own words uttered to her father: "Whereby hath my father so much sorrow? Hath he not read the record which our fathers brought across the deep? Behold, is there not an account concerning them of old, that they by their secret plans did obtain kingdoms and great glory? And now, therefore, let my father send for Akish, the son of Kimnor; and behold I am fair, and I will dance before him, and I will please him that he will desire me to wife; wherefore if he shall desire of thee that ye shall give unto him me to wife, then shall ye say, I will give her if ye will bring unto me the head of my father the king."

O, the craftiness of the arch deceiver! What makes it all the worse is that King Omer was a warm friend of the traitor Akish.

The result of the plot was that Akish presented himself and the fair daughter danced before him, and he became so enchanted by her adroit acts and her bewitching appearance that he became lost to all sense of honor and self-control, being led by an evil spirit. He was well prepared to enter into the vile plot of murder. Hence, without trouble, he obtained the promise of Jared's daughter and finally married her.

Akish gathered together Jared's kinsfolk

and their friends to prepare them for the price of his fair bride—which was the head of Jared's own father, and the grandfather of the bride of Akish. After secretly instructing his formidable army that they all did swear unto Akish by the God of heaven, and also by the heavens, and also by the earth, and by their heads, that whoso should vary from the assistance which Akish desired should lose his head; and whoso should divulge whatsoever thing Akish made known unto them the same should lose his life. And it came to pass that thus they did agree with Akish. And Akish did administer unto them the oaths which were given them of old by those who sought power, which oaths had been handed down even from Cain, who was a murderer from the beginning. They were kept up by the power of the Devil to administer these oaths unto the people, to keep them in darkness, to help such as sought power to gain power and to murder, and to plunder, and to lie and commit all manner of wickedness and whoredoms. It was the daughter of Jared who put it into her father's heart to search those things of old; and Jared put it into the heart of Akish; wherefore Akish administered them unto his kindred and friends, leading them away by fair promises to do whatsoever things he desired. Thus they formed a secret combination even as they of old to shed blood.

Moroni, who is the writer of this Book of Ether, thought it not proper to record the words of the terrible oaths which were administered. He freely expressed, however, his disapproval of all such evil ways, and the sorrow which they had brought in the destruction of the nation whose history he was writing, even the Jaredites, also his own people the Nephites. He says: "Whatsoever nation shall uphold such secret combinations to get power and gain until they shall spread over the nation, behold they shall be destroyed, (May not America as well as other nations take warning), for the Lord will not suffer that the blood of His Saints, which shall be shed by them, shall always cry unto Him from the ground for vengeance upon them, and yet

He avenge them not; wherefore, O ye Gentiles, it is wisdom in God that these things be shown unto you, that thereby ye may repent of your sins, * * * even the work of destruction * * * lest the sword of justice of the eternal God fall upon you, to your overthrow and destruction, if ye (the rulers of the nation) shall suffer these things to be; wherefore the Lord commandeth you, when you see these things come among you, ye shall awake to a sense of your awful situation. For whoso buildeth it up, seeketh to overthrow the freedom of all lands, nations and countries; and it bringeth to pass the destruction of all people, for it is built up by the Devil, who was a liar from the beginning."

Because of the secret combination Akish and his friends overthrew the kingdom of Omer. Nevertheless the Lord was merciful to Omer and his sons and daughters, warning him in a dream that he should depart out of the land; and Jared was anointed king over the people by the hand of wickedness. But, alas! his reign was of but short duration for retribution soon followed him, for as he sought to measure to his father it was meted out to him by the hand of his own son-in-law, Akish, and his secret combination which he and his daughter helped to concoct falling back on his own head, for Jared was murdered while upon his throne giving audience to his people, and Akish reigned as king in his stead. Surely this is just retribution.

It is said, and truly, too, that history repeats itself. Already two Presidents of our glorious American government have been cruelly murdered, and do we not look for blood, sorrow and dismay in the increase of secret societies?

E. Stevenson.

SO HAVE I seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the powers of darkness, and without violence and noise, climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightliness of the morning.

For Our Little Folks.

THE TELEGRAM.

"Is THIS the tel'graph office?"

Asked a childish voice one day,
As I noted the click of my instrument
With its message from far away;
As it ceased, I turned; at my elbow
Stood the merest scrap of a boy,
Whose childish face was all aglow
With the light of hidden joy.

The golden curls on his forehead,
Shaded eyes of deepest blue,
As if a bit of the summer sky
Had lost in them its hue:
They scanned my office rapidly
From ceiling down to floor;
Then turned on mine their eager gaze,
As he asked the question o'er:

"Is this the tel'graph office?"

"It is, my little man,"

I said, "pray tell me what you want,
- And I'll help you all I can;"
Then the blue eyes grew more eager,
And the breath came thick and fast;
And I saw within the chubby hands
A folded paper grasped.

"Nurse told me," he said, "that the light-
ning

Came down on the wires, some day;
And my mamma has gone to heaven,
And I'm lonely since she is away,
For my papa is very busy
And hasn't much time for me,
So I thought I'd write her a letter,
And I've brought it for you to see.

"I've printed it big that the angels
Could read it out quick, the name,
And carry it straight to my mamma,
And tell her how it came;
And now won't you please to take it,
And throw it up good and strong
Against the wires in a funder shower,
And the lightning will take it along."

Ah! what could I tell the darling?

For my eyes were filling fast:

I turned away to hide the tears,

But I cheerfully spoke at last:

"I'll do the best I can, my child,"

'Twas all that I could say;

"Thank you," he said, then scanned the sky;

"Do you think it will funder today?"

But the blue sky smiled in answer,

And the sun shone dazzling bright,

And his face, as he slowly turned away,

Lost some of its gladsome light;

"But nurse," he said, "if I stay too long,

Won't let me come any more;

So, good-bye, I'll come and see you again,

Right after a funder shower."

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN did President Young reach Nauvoo from his mission to the east? 2. How did he spend his time in Nauvoo during the winter? 3. How was Joseph impressed during this winter? 4. Who of the leading Elders manifested a strong spirit of apostasy at this time? 5. Who stood by the Prophet with all his energy and integrity during this trying season? 6. When did Brother Brigham go upon his next mission? 7. What was the nature of this mission?

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 6, Vol. 25: Bertha Howell, Sophronia Wood, Rebecca C. Allen, C. E. Wight, H. H. Blood, Emma E. Tolman, Annie S. Sessions, H. C. Blood and Jennetta Blood.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No.
6, VOL. XXV.

1. WHEN did President Young and his fellow-Apostles leave England to return home? A. On the 20th of April, 1841.

2. How many British Saints accompanied them? A. One hundred and fifty.

3. Which of the Apostles remained behind? A. Brothers Orson Hyde and Parley P. Pratt.

4. What duties had been assigned to them? A. Bro. Hyde to prosecute his mission to Jerusalem, to which he had been appointed by the Prophet Joseph, and the latter to preside over the British Mission.

5. When did they arrive at Nauvoo? A. On July 1st.

6. What did the Prophet Joseph say in speaking of their return? A. "They certainly have been the instruments, in the hands of God, of accomplishing much, and must have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done their duty. Perhaps no men ever undertook such an important mission under such peculiarly distressing, forbidding and unpropitious circumstances."

7. What revelation did the Prophet Joseph receive concerning Brother Brigham shortly after his arrival home? A. "Dear and well-beloved Bro. Brigham Young, verily thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Brigham, it is no more required at your hand to leave your

family as in times past, for your offering is acceptable to me; I have seen your labor and toil in journeying for my name. I therefore command you to send my word abroad, and take special care of your family from this time, henceforth and forever. Amen."

ZION.

ZION's bright home is beautiful,
Prepared for all the blest;
If I am only dutiful,
In that home I shall rest.

The little children will be there,
The Savior kind to greet,
With snowy robes and shining hair,
They'll kneel at Jesus' feet.

Oh! "Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord,"
May I among them share a part,
And gain that blest reward.

Lula.

EDMUND SEABRIGHT.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 223.]

"THE Widow Seabright was alone in her house, with the exception of a lad, who, in the absence of her son and his wife, helped milk the cows, and do the chores.

"'George,' said she to the boy (who just then brought in the night's milking) cut some potatoes and give 'em to the white-faced cow. Put 'em on the grass afore the door,' and Mrs. Seabright began straining her milk.

"George, after cutting up the potatoes and giving them to the cow, sat down on the door-stone to keep

the old horse—whose faded mane and tail, and the great hollows over his eyes, indicated his great age—from helping himself.

“A loud knock called the busy woman to the door. There she found an old man in sailor dress, bearing the marks of exposure and hard usage. His hair was white, and his features were almost concealed by a long white beard and whiskers.

“The sailor told her he wanted food and a lodging for the night.

“‘I cannot keep you all night,’ she said, ‘for my son has gone away, and I’m alone. But I’ll give you supper, and it’s but little more than a mile to the public house.’

“Mrs. Seabright, who was rather afraid of the man, bustled round in order to get the supper and be rid of her guest. But the more she noticed him, the less were her fears.

“Some mysterious influence seemed to attract her. She could scarcely keep her eyes from him, and something in the sound of his voice made her start every time he spoke. She felt a stronger inclination to treat him kindly.

“At first she only placed before him cold meat, bread and butter, and a bowl of milk. But almost before she knew it, she found herself drawing the tea, and placing pie, cake and doughnuts on the table.

“Thanking her the man rose to go. She followed him to the door, and was half inclined to say he could stay for the night.

“The stranger lingered on the steps, where the horse, taking the advantage of George’s absence, was stealing the cow’s potatoes. Placing his hand on the neck of the beast, he exclaimed,—

“‘What, Charlie, are you alive yet?’

“‘Edmund! Edmund Seabright!’ cried the woman.

“‘Lucy!’ And the next moment they were in each other’s arms.

“It seems, at the time of Seabright’s disappearance, an English man-o’-war was off the coast, about ready to sail for Europe. She sent a boat’s crew ashore to fill water-casks at a spring half a mile from where he was ploughing. The men saw him in the distance, and creeping up through the woods, sprang upon him suddenly, and taking him prisoner, carried him aboard the man-o’ war. There he was obliged to serve as a sailor. The ship went on the East India station, and Seabright was shifted from one vessel to another, and held against his will year after year.

“Having been wounded in a sea-fight, he was placed in a hospital on shore. When he recovered, he ran away, shipped on a Dutch vessel, and so got clear. He went to Holland, sailed in Dutch vessels till he had earned a little money, and then set his face towards home.

“He said afterwards that he didn’t mean to make himself known, but to make inquiries, and if he found his

property gone, his wife and children dead, to go back to Europe and die there.

"The news of his return spread like wildfire through the town.

"Wasn't there a crowd round the meetin' house the next Sunday, as Edmund Seabright rode up to the horse-block on old Charlie, with his wife on the pillion behind him! The children and grandchildren followed by twos behind. Then came all the relatives on both sides, the older ones on horseback and the younger ones walking.

"Lucy Seabright was a good Christian woman, and that morning her heart was full of gratitude to God."

E. K.

FREDERICK AND FRANKLIN.

VIRTUE, when it takes the form of sacrifice for a principle, compels admiration even from those who do not imitate it. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, did not admire the political principles which created the United States. Yet he was friendly to the patriots of the Revolution, and disliked the spirit shown towards them by the English Tories:

When he discovered that England had hired Hessian soldiers to be sent over to fight against her American colonies, he manifested his dislike of the work by levying the same toll per head on all those recruits passing through his dominions that was levied upon bought and sold cattle.

General Washington he admired exceedingly, and to him the king sent a sword of honor from Potsdam, with the inscription, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest." But he was "every inch a king." He believed in the "divine right" most emphatically.

In an old magazine, published in Philadelphia in 1788, to which Franklin was a regular contributor while he lived, I find an account of an interview of our philosopher with Frederick, while negotiating a treaty with Prussia and the United States.

"Pray, doctor," said Frederick, "what is the object you hope to obtain in your form of government?"

"Liberty, sire," replied the philosopher, promptly; "that liberty, that freedom, which is the birthright of every man."

After a little reflection, the king replied:

"I was born a prince; I am become a king, and I will not use the power I possess to the ruin of my own trade. I was born to command,—the people were born to obey."

Yet the treaty which he freely signed with Franklin embodied the most elevated principles of international rights.

ANYONE who desires to become great must first learn to be obedient. This is the first round in the ladder of fame.

CHARITY.

THOUGH I speak with the tongue of an angel of light,
 In the language of men, all effulgent and bright,
 If the balm of sweet charity mould not the strain
 My words are but wind; my professions are vain.
 Like the sounding of brass or the cymbal's loud peal
 They nothing but emptiness ever reveal.
 Though the great gift of prophesy fall to my lot
 And the deepest of mysteries to me have been taught;
 Though by knowledge and faith I could mountains
 remove,
 I'm nothing, if lacking in kindness and love.
 And though I bestow all my goods on the poor,
 Relieving each supplicant found at my door,
 Long-suffering and patience must ever display,
 And envy and jealousy drive far away.
 Not give way to vanity; nor swollen with pride,
 Nor e'en act unseemly, nor others deride;
 With noble self-sacrifice seek not our own,
 For all our misdeeds ever strive to atone.
 Rejoice in the truth, and all evil eschew,
 Faith, Hope and Charity keep ever in view.

W.

TWO PATHS.

Two paths lead out from a bright land—
 Branch out in different ways;
 The one that leads to the right hand
 Is warmed by sunny rays;
 The heart is filled with pleasure grand,
 While treading through its maze.
 It is a narrow path that leads
 The wand'rer safely on
 Into the green and flow'ry meads
 Of a sweet land beyond,
 No wily snare the way impedes,
 Deep pitfalls there are none.
 The path that leads the left hand way
 At first seems smooth and wide;
 But as the footsteps farther stray
 A pitfall opens wide—
 A river foaming with foul spray
 Engulfs you in its tide.
 The land from which these paths branch out,
 Is the gay land of youth;
 The narrow path I spoke about,
 It is the path of truth;
 The wide one is the path of doubt
 And leads to sin, forsooth.
 Then choose the straight and narrow path,
 To heaven it leads the way;
 No sorrow or no suffering hath
 Permission there to stay;
 'Tis there we can escape the wrath
 Of God's great judgment day.

F. W. Jackson.

TO A SISTER ON THE DEATH OF
HER SON.

A BLESSING, a prize, a jewel came
 Some two and twenty years ago,
 To fill your humble cot with joy,
 Much care on him you did bestow.

And how that kind parental care,
 Which so enshrouds a mother's heart,
 Grew and expanded day by day
 As he performed his childish part.

And thus for years your watchful eye,
 Your mother-heart, with tender care,
 Traced every action with delight,
 And ne'er forgot in secret prayer

To ask of God who reigns above,
 To fill his heart with noble love,
 That he might choose the wiser part,
 And serve the Lord with all his heart.

Your prayer was answered;—Horace grew
 To strength and manhood, good and true;
 And your kind heart did thrill with joy
 When you beheld your noble boy,

With ready hands to take his part,
 And do his best with willing heart.
 As time has flown since first he came
 Into your home without a name,

A jewel down from God above
 To claim attention, training, love;
 You in your labors for his good
 Did just as any mother would,

Loved and trained the noble boy,
 And filled his childish heart with joy;
 But failed to think 'twas God's desire
 Your boy should aim at something higher.

Therefore He gave him that sweet rest,
 And he has gone to join the blest.
 His labors now are more of worth
 Than when he dwelt upon the earth.

The Lord needs help the same as you,
 And noble minds he must have, too,
 To aid Him in His work in heaven,
 And to your boy this task is given.

Therefore I would not call him back
 To journey o'er life's weary track,
 But in the church-yard let him rest,
 His soul is safe;—the Lord knows best.

Of course we'll miss his presence here,
 For to his friends he was so dear;
 But do not grieve, you know he's gone
 To join that blest and happy throng.
 In humbleness we'll all proclaim.

"God gives, God takes; blest be His name."

Andrea.

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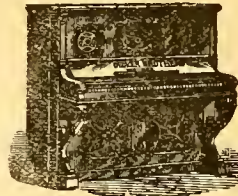
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FROM THE SALT LAKE HERALD, APRIL 10TH, 1890.]

THE HERALD DISTRIBUTION.

J. S. HOLLAND, OF MONTPELIER, GETS THE PIANO, W. L. EVANS, OF KAMAS, THE BAIN.

The Lucky Parties who are Awarded the first 33 Premiums—The Prizes are Widely Distributed.

The third annual distribution of premiums to the subscribers of the SEMI-WEEKLY HERALD occurred at the Salt Lake theater yesterday at 11 o'clock a. m. Three thousand three hundred and fifty-six subscribers to that issue had availed themselves of the opportunity to secure numbers, but there were not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred in attendance, which evinces something of the widespread confidence with which the distribution has come to be regarded. The estimate of the total number of receipts which would be issued had been placed at 3000 by the HERALD canvassers, but the rush during conference had been much larger than anticipated, and the total was 3,356.

The following committee was chosen from the body of the house: H. H. Goddard, Ogden; William Harker, Taylorsville; W. G. Farrell, Franklin; James Howell, Tooele; John Kinke, Mona.

These gentlemen at once took charge of the stubs of the 3,356 receipts which had been issued, together with all the duplicates of the numbers designed to be put in the wheel. The wheel, made of glass, was placed on the table in the center of the stage. While the committee retired to examine the books, stubs and duplicates, Prof. Daynes and one of his pupils, Miss Romney, entertained the assemblage with several four-hand selections rendered in brilliant style on the prize Fischer piano, which stood at one side of the stage and was the admired of all beholders. In about fifteen minutes the committee returned and Mr. Goddard, the chairman, stated that they had examined all the books, found that 3,356 numbers had been issued as stated and that a duplicate of every number issued was on hand ready to be put into the wheel. To the question how some receipts were numbered higher than 3,356, it was answered that 4,800 receipts had been printed, so that books could be sent to all HERALD agents, but that in many cases only parts of books had been used. All the numbers were then put into the wheel and all were well shaken up. A boy named Major was chosen to draw the numbers forth, and amid a deep silence the drawing began by the judges calling out the numbers, and a clerk calling back the number of the prize to which it was entitled. When the first number (4279) came out, and it was announced that it was held by J. S. Holland, of Montpelier, Idaho, and that he would be awarded prize number one, the Fischer piano, there was a round of applause. The first thirty-three prizes awarded are as follows:

1—A Fischer grand upright piano, F. E. Warren Mercantile company, 10 E. Second South, Salt Lake City, value \$500, No. 4,279, J. S. Holland, Montpelier.

2—A thoroughbred Holstein bull, Jordan stock farm, value \$200, No. 347, W. F. McLean, Castle Gate.

3—An elegantly finished Bain wagon, Co-op Wagon and Machine company, value \$175, No. 4,118, W. L. Evans, Kamas.

4—A lot in Garden City, Senior and Rand agents, value \$150, No. 986, R. Tidwell, Smithfield.

5—A yearling Holstein Jersey heifer, Jordan stock farm, value \$126, No. 3,739, B. Hanks, Franklin.

6—A purse of one hundred dollars gold, No. 3290, Mary V. Pritchett, Fairview, Utah.

7—A lot in Lake City, value \$100, Pratt Bros., No. 3119, Joseph Wilde, Coalville.

8—A Domestic sewing machine, Young Bros. company, value \$70, No. 3967, W. M. Stookey, St. John.

9—A new Plano mower, Studebaker Bros.' Manufacturing company, value \$65, No. 3,710, O. C. Loveland, Deweyville.

10—A purse of fifty dollars gold, No. 581, Charles Alley, Lake Town.

11—A combination fence machine, Burton, Gardner & Co., value \$50, No. 4,678, N. Williams, Provo.

12—A fine saddle, N. C. Christensen & Bro., value \$45, No. 714, W. E. Partington, Logan.

13—A breech-loading shotgun, Browning Bros., Ogden, value \$40, No. 2,837, J. B. Crawford, Orangeville.

14—A Roster fanning mill, Folsom & Seofield, value \$50, No. 3,267, William Groves, Red Canyon.

15—A set of Collier's American Chambers' encyclopedia, Collier & Co., HERALD building, Salt Lake, value \$30, No. 1,448, Thomas Eymen, Rock Springs.

16—A life-size huss photo, Morris & Co., Salt Lake, value \$30, No. 1,224, H. E. Lewelyn, city.

17—A purse of \$25 gold, No. 1,446, J. Peart, Farmer's ward.

18—A purse of \$25 gold, No. 460, F. Robinson, Richmond.

19—A set of "V. T. R." family remedies, C. E. Johnson, value \$25, No. 3,019, J. H. Cederlund, Montpelier.

20—An elegant toilet set, Johnson, Pratt & Co., value \$25, No. 8, Charles Walter, Murray.

21—A selection of fruit, shade or flowering trees, Utah Nursery company, Salt Lake, value \$25, No. 1,921, Paul Poulson, Ephraim.

22—A selection of fruit, shade or flowering trees, Utah Nursery company, Salt Lake, value \$25, No. 1,311, S. Rust, Kooshaream.

23—A set of Dickens' complete works, 15 volumes, half calf, H. Pembroke's, value \$25, No. 168, J. W. Lee, Coalville.

24—A single buggy harness, W. Jenkins & Sons, Salt Lake, value \$25, No. 3,283, O. Sanderson, Fairview.

25—One fine steel engraving, gilt frame, "Consolation," value \$20, No. 476, Joseph Crook, Payson.

26—One steel engraving, "Mother's Joy," value \$20, No. 1,099, H. H. Watson, city.

27—One steel engraving, "The Holiday," value \$20, No. 3,272, A. Anderson, Red Canyon.

28—One steel engraving, "Foxes at Play," value \$20, No. 1,907, J. P. Peterson, Ephraim.

29—A Browning rifle and 100 cartridges, Browning Bros., Ogden, value \$16, No. 566, J. Atwood, Kamas.

30—A set of dishes, Hoock & Clawson's, Salt Lake and Ogden, value \$15, No. 3,960, O. F. Malienberg, Santaquin.

31—One heating stove, "Rival Universal," Cooper Piper & Co., Nephi, value \$15, No. 32, John Richens Pleasant Grove.

32—An elegant banjo, value \$15, No. 1,031, E. E. Shoebridge, Provo.

33—A bolt of dress flannel, Cutler Bros., Salt Lake, value \$12, No. 2,807, Wm. Defrieze, St. George.

The remaining 1,467 will be printed in the SEMI-WEEKLY HERALD.

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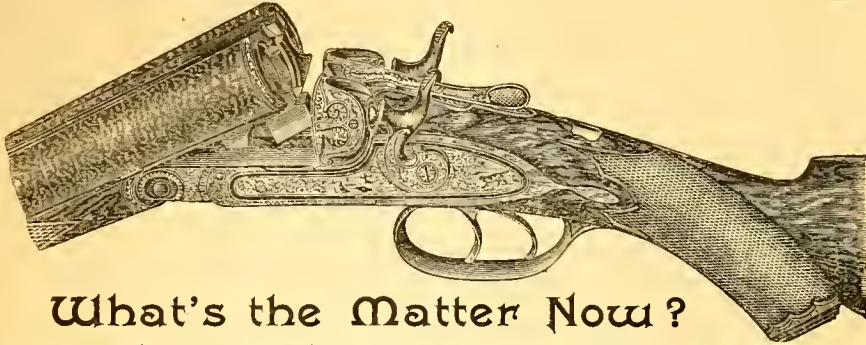
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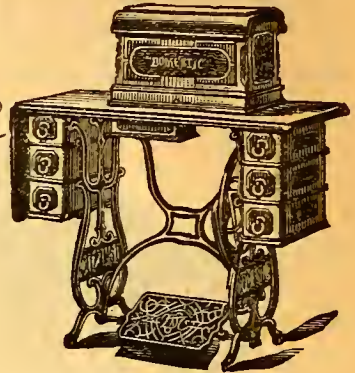
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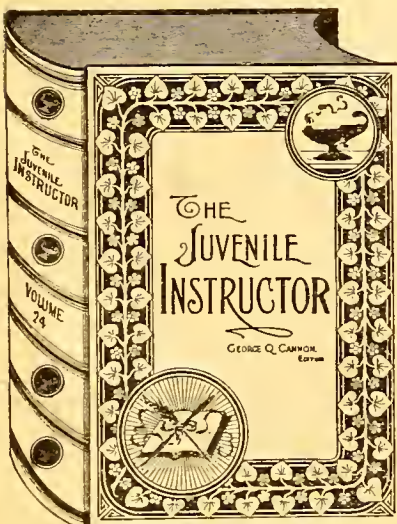
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